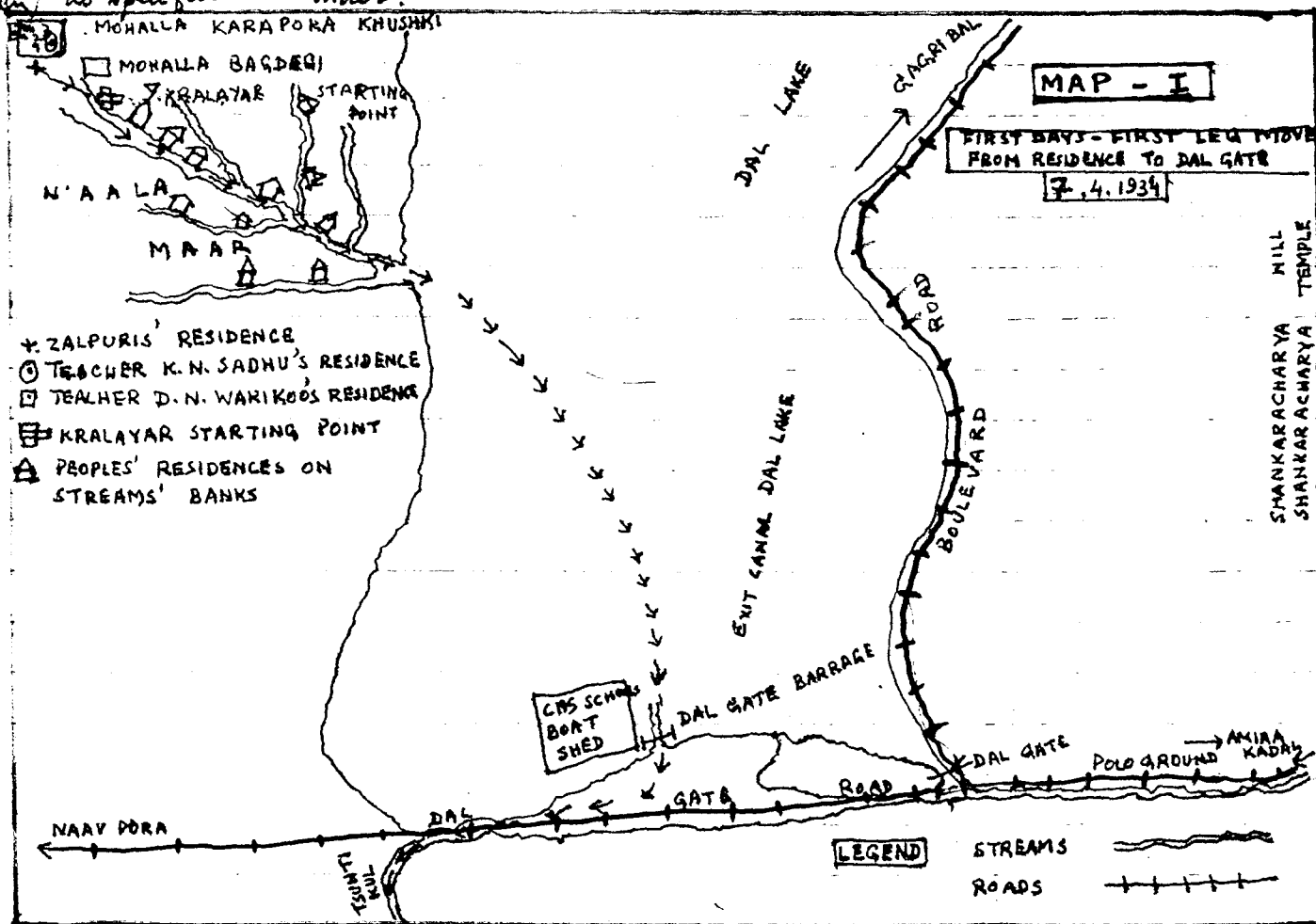


streams spread in a number of directions with the abodes of the people with different avocations on their banks, carried us to the junction where their waters mingled with the wider stream (exit canal for the waters of Dal Lake) which made us to reach the site of the Dal Lake Barrage. To bring home to the reader's mind our actual movement 'path', he may like just to glance through the rough transcript of the land spaces and still / moving water stretches (as in existence then) as specified under.



* NOTE

- 1) NAALA MAAR ... stream / canal connecting Maar (a watery stretch) or Brari Mambals.
- 2) Tsunti Kul ... The waters of Mahasarit (the portion of the City to the north of this canal-embankment being an extensive marsh (a swamp) included the present quarters of Khanayari, Rainawari (Rajanvatika) and Naarpora fed by waters coming out of the Dal Lake in the shape of numerous canals and streams. The waters of Mahasarit were thus given the present shape of the Tsunti Kul Naala by KING PRAYESEN by means of Setu (Sathu) or embankment constructed on either side ----

* Taken from article captioned "SRINAGAR CITY : AS FOUNDED BY PRAYESEN" by P. N. Magazines which appeared in the Special Issue 'KOSHUR SAMACHR', OCTOBER, 1990.

We are now at the Dal Gate Barrage at the end of the First Days' - First Phase. travel. Leaving behind the Dal Lake, our Doonga began the ^{Second Phase} forward journey through the Tsuintkul. In the beginning, we witnessed a few House-Boats, having cast their anchors on the left side of the Kul (stream) because there were green grassy lawns ^(This area is called as Chinari Bagh) in front of them, where the visitors could enjoy their stay. Proceeding down the Tsuintkul, we noticed Doongas here and there tied to the banks on both the sides of the Kul. At certain places, the open shikaras ^(Domb Shikara known in Kashmiri) full of vegetables put up their stocks for sale. On the Tsuintkul both the banks were joined by the bridge - 'Barbar Shah' - which catered to the heavy traffic from both the sides. Moving again downwards, came another bridge, Gaav Kadal, where water flow of the Tsuintkul is regulated by a Barrage. Leaving the Tsuintkul, our Doonga straightaway reached the confluence of this 'Kul' and the River Jhelum (Vitasta). Here again, both the ladies of our Doonga repeated their earlier 'mantras', offering on both sides of the Doonga handfuls of rice with some coins, actually to the River Vitasta, 'lifeline' of Kashmir. The River Vitasta has unique importance in the history of Kashmir, (KASHMIRA). Says Nilamata Purana thus - "The rivers of Kashmir are also personified as goddesses. Uma transforms herself into Vitasta, Aditi becomes the Trikoti, Suci assumes the form of the Harsapatha, Diti becomes the Candravati and Lakshmi turns into the river Visoka. The very land of Kashmir is the mother goddess Kashmir - a form of Uma". [pp. 93-94]

At another place a verse of the very Nilamata Purana, describes Kasayapa as requesting the Vitasta to flow within the limits of the bed prepared by means of a plough lest the whole valley should turn into a lake, indicates the disaster brought about by inundation [P 127]. Again, about the topic 'Uma in the Nilamata', this reference Book mentions 'Of Siva's female - consort, Uma, (she) is spoken of so highly as to give her a position higher than that of Siva. The land of Kashmir is described as her material manifestation and she is further stated to have taken the form of Kashmir's most famous river Vitasta [P 163]. Besides, the River Vitasta is held in reverence, as according to the Nilamata Purana

"(55) Vitastotsava - The 13th (of the bright half of Bhadrapada) is deemed to be birthday of the river Vitasta. The birthday festival, however, includes three days preceding and three days following this 13th." Bath

in the water of the Vitasta, worship of the Vitasta specially at the confluence of the Sindhu and the Vitasta, with scents, garlands, eatable offerings etc., gifts for dramatic performances and worship of actors etc. ~~are~~ prescribed for the festival" (P. 206). Reader, I have tried to enlighten you about our Sacred River, ~~Thelum~~ ^{Vyeth} - as recorded at certain places in Nilamata Purana (Vol I). I will now put before you what Prof. Majid Husain says in "Systematic Geography of Jammu & Kashmir" —

The ~~Thelum~~ - The Hydaspes of the ancients (Greeks and Romans), the Vedasta of the Hindus, the ~~Thelum~~ is known to the Kashmiris as the Veth. When, it leaves Kashmir at Baramulla it is called the Kashur Darya and after joining the Kishenganga it is spoken as the ~~Thelum~~-river. Though Verinag is its source, the local people maintain that a spring, a little below Verinag known as Vethvatra, is the source of ~~Thelum~~... (P. 34). I now come to another view-point expressed by Prof. A. K. Kaul in "Home Geography" (of J. & K.) (First Edition - P. 10)

(b) The Valley Floor - The present floor of the Valley is the drained out and exposed bed of prehistoric lake called the Satisara.... The Vyeth (the ~~Thelum~~) is the main drainage artery of the region. Soon after the drainage of the Satisara, the Vyeth and its tributaries dissected the lake bottom and carved out their channels through the soft sediment. Sections of this lake bottom stand as isolated blocks a rising to a height of about 135 m. above the river.....

.... The Vyeth occupies the lowest furrow in the Valley floor, so that all tributary streams flowing down the mountain girdle have it for their destination. The Vyeth, therefore, is the master stream.

..... The river has shaped its flood plain through which it flows as a placid, meandering and mature stream. In the Vyeth flood plain are a number of marshes and lakes. The marshes or wet lands as a rule lie on the left wide bank plain while the lakes are along the right bank. The lakes are the Dal, Anchar and the Manasbal. The master stream debouches into the Wular lake on its south and flows out of it in the west.

----- Beyond the latter the river enters the Vyeth gorge.

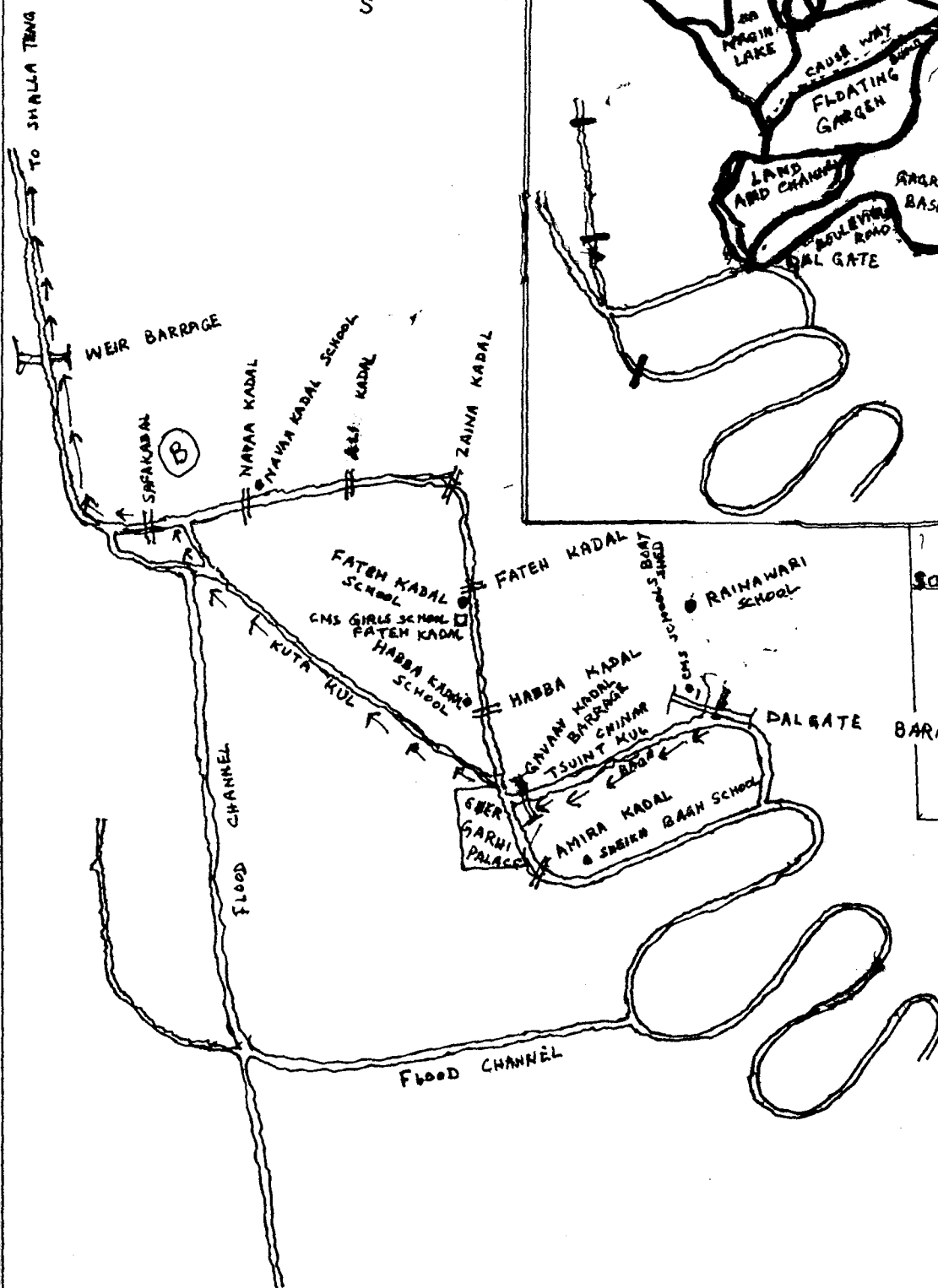
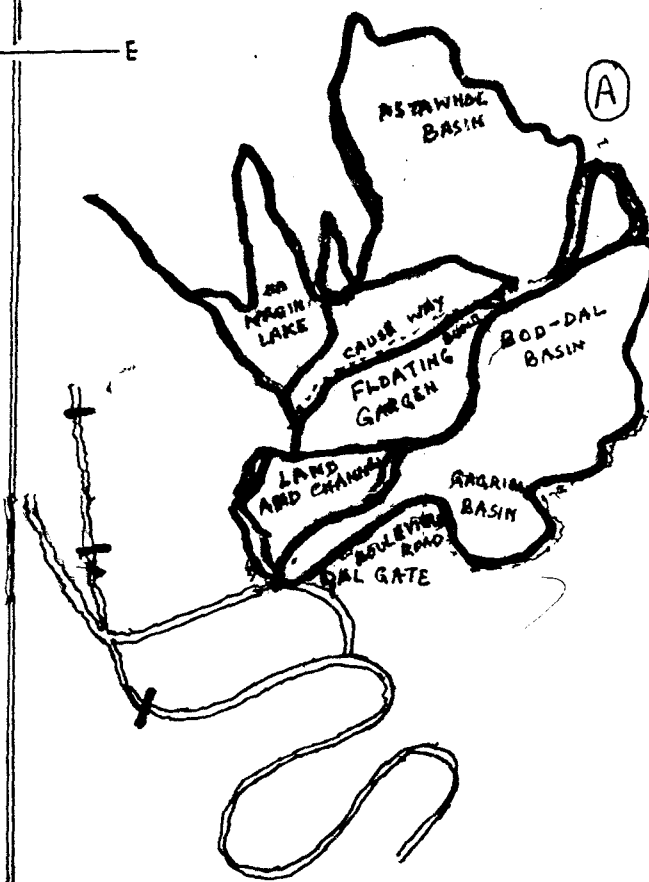
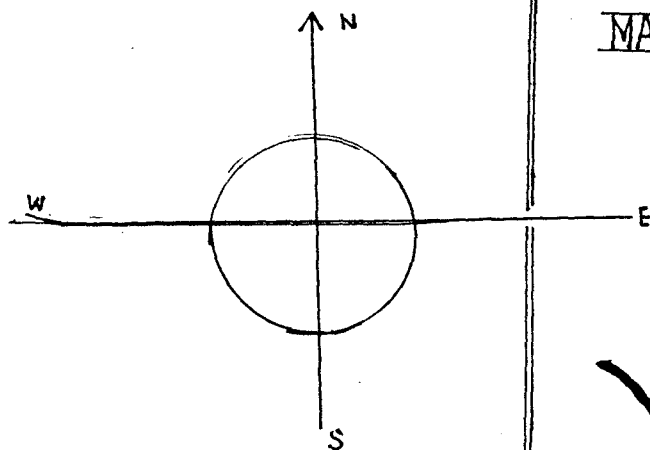
So, I have told you something about the River Jhelum (Vyeth), as recorded in a few books on the topic. I will later take up with you the theme of the important tributaries at the required point. Picking up the travel from the confluence of the Tsintkul and the River Vitasta, we crossed the latter entering into the Kutakul (made by the Ruler Yusuf Shah Chak from the Sher Garhi Palace corner) for our travel to Safakadal, the meeting point of the Kutakul and the River Vyeth. Because of the fast, ^{quick} flow of the water and also lesser impediments due to the Doongas, shikars and other boats hooked to the ^{Kutakul} banks on the ~~both~~ sides, our arrival at Safakadal was well in time. But, our movement from Safakadal to the next point viz. Weir Barrage was a bit tough, as while going down the River Vyeth, which was otherwise easy due to the friendly current, the rows of Shikaras, Doongas etc. tied to the banks, put impediments in our speed. So, we reached the Weir Barrage, the end of the Second Phase of the First Day's Travel late by a hour or so.

Here, at Weir Barrage, the incharge officer took about half-an-hour to allow us to pass through the huge gates (water-flow regulating mechanism) and then through a fortified canal about 200 feet long and 30 feet wide. This enabled us to join the main River (Vyeth). Thus, started the Third Phase of our First Day's journey. The River Vitasta, being wide enough here with less impediments, our Doonga moved quickly for some time. Then, our Boatman and his wife (the steerer), after moving a little more distance, had a tough time, because our Doonga repeatedly got stuck in shallow water and marshy land areas / patches. They had to struggle hard to have the Doonga released from the clutches of hindrances. Thus, covering more distance of our journey quickly, we witnessed a burning dead body on our right side. An enquiry from the Boatman revealed that we had reached Noor Bagh, the Cremation ground (Chhatabal) where last rites for dead bodies of the Hindus are performed. At this happy juncture, who could know that within that very month or so, the dead bodies of several young Persons would be carried from the Wular Lake to this place

for their last rites. From here, we straightaway headed for Shalla
Teng ^{in Kashmir} (an earthen mound inhabited by 'jackals' - English equivalent) arriving there
in the evening. To my surprise, I saw Mr. Tarachand, instantly, coming
to our Doonga for first night's stay. On enquiry, he told me that for
the whole day he was busy towing Rev. Biscoe's House-Boat to
motor launch for its easy fly through the River Jyeth to reach
this place. Immediately, soon after stepping into our Doonga, he told
us to dress up quickly and to fall in line, on hearing the
whistle, out in the vast ground (covered with velvet like greenery
with cluster of mighty chinars) on the bank of this River. All the
youngsters (excluding little ones) hastily washed their faces, combed/
dressed their hair and put on their washed (fresh) clothes. Helped
we were by both the ladies and Mr. Tara Chand to be in tiptop
positions quickly. A speciality with self and my brothers was that
we put on our uniform 'red blazer' coats with black borders
having 'logos' of our school MOTTO on the chest pockets on the left
sides. Then Mr. Tarachand left the Doonga and in a few minutes was on the
vast green ground around the bank. The whistle soared and all of
us went running and jumping to reach the spacious ground, where
we formed ourselves into a line. Both Rev. Biscoe and his wife,
who were strolling in the ground stopped walking and remained
standing. - We passed one by one before them, paying our respects
to them by saluting them and uttering the words "Salam
Sahab," as tutored by Mr. Tara Chand only about ten minutes
before. Rev. Biscoe responded smilingly. Then, we were individu-
ally introduced to him by Mr. Tara Chand. Never had Rev. Biscoe
faulted to know, interestingly, every detail about not only the
teachers/staff working under him, but also of the members of
their families. In turn, Rev. Biscoe's memory was so sharp
that, if by chance, a ward of any teacher/staff met him
in connection with the solution/redressal of a problem and
introduced himself to Rev. Biscoe, he would immediately
shut/flicker his eyes to remember the identity and other
connected details of the ward. Our introduction in our line
was on, when Mr. Dwarika Nath's turn came. Surprisingly, Rev. Biscoe

enquired how he joined our group as Rev. Biscoe was aware of the fact that Mr. Dwarika Nath's Father (Mr. Aftab Ram) was residing separately away from his Brother Mr. Tara Chand and that they were having strained relations. Mr. Tara Chand then explained to Rev. Biscoe saying that the former had a chance to meet Dwarika Nath who was in a very bad state of health; so, he (Mr. Tara Chand) picked him up for a change to recoupe his health. Then Sr. Biscoe again asked him whether Dwarika Nath will continue to stay with him. To this Mr. Tara Chand replied, "Sahab! Gargur Paksan hol hol waig vizi sudhni" a Kashmiri proverb meaning "Though the mouse followed a zigzag path while roaming about, it travelled straight towards its destination when it found its hole ~~had~~ reached" (English translation). As Mr. Biscoe was fully conversant with Kashmiri language, he laughed heartily on Mr. Tara Chand's reply. Then, we were told by Mr. Tara Chand to return to our resting place. Immediately, all of us running and jumping entered our Doonga. All the youngsters changed their clothes, while keeping their used ones in a proper manner at the relevant site in the Doonga. After half-an-hour, Mr. Tara Chand returned to the Doonga, similarly, had the Biscoe couple retired to their House Boat. Just joining Mr. Tara Chand in his evening prayers, all of us then had our dinner. So, the First Day of the travel ended and we all went to the sleep. The Reader already knows that First Phase of this travel i.e. from our Residence to the Dal Lake Barrage has been practically lined out in MAP I. Now, I have attempted to draw out a sketch of our journey from the Dal Lake Barrage to the Weir Barrage (PHASE II) and then starting from the Weir Barrage to Shalla Teng (PHASE III) in MAP II. Here it is pertinent to point out that these MAPS have been personally drawn by me at this point of time from my broken memory of past 67 years. What I want to stress is that I had learnt in my Primary Classes to draw (through the free flow of my pen) the maps of the then United India and the United Punjab (outlines of which I could remember to draw even now) as a part of the usual SCHOOL SYLLABUS. But, simultaneously, it was essential for the CMS

MAP-II TRAVEL PATH FROM DAL GATE BARRAGE TO SHALLA TENG



SOURCE

- (A) TRACED FROM PAGE 30:38 OF "SYSTEMATIC GEOGRAPHY OF JAMMU & KASHMIR BY MAJID HUSAIN

LEGEND

- (B) FREE FLOW OF PRN BY SELF SCHOOLS

Schools students to be conversant with different topics of the 'General Knowledge' as a subject in the inter-schools examination, a special feature adopted in the 'Biscoe Schools Education Pattern'. Added to this was the mode, style and motivation etc. formulated by these schools which made them unique in the count of all schools in Kashmir. As such, I had with other fellow students attained the complete art of map-drawing of Srinagar & Kashmir etc. since our study in the primary classes. (It is no exaggeration if I say that to this day, I still remember to draw these ~~map~~ outlines with free flow of my pen). It is also my conviction that my brethren (contemporary fellow ex-students) would still remember to draw the map sketches, if required now to do so. For conscientious and fruitful guidance and teaching, we the old students of those schools owe our sincerest gratitude to all the members of the then Teaching Fraternity right from the Principal down to the Primary Teacher. Thus, it is my considered opinion, though the present discussions may appear to be out of the context, I cannot but emphasise to treat our 'Schools Education Pattern' and subject topic as two separate entities. Finally, you will agree with me, if I say, that to be a product of these schools was in itself a pride. I must say that reading on the wall also conformed to this view.

Now begins the second days' journey which obviously started from Shalla Teng. I have no idea when our Doonga actually started and how many other Boats joined it. What I can reminisce presently is that we passed through a number of towns, villages or basties situated either on left or right bank of the River Vitasta. Sometimes the habitation was a little away from the banks. By and by we reached Shadipur town which was located on the right bank. Here again, both my aunt and my mother paid their obeisance with certain 'mantras'. They offered rice, flowers (purchased from the bank) and coins to the waters here in great reverence. They remained in this mood for a considerable time. Therefore, we youngsters became very restive to enquire from them the obvious reasons. Then both the ladies told my cousin (Mr. Narayan Joo) and me that when Kashmiri Pandits leave for their heavenly abodes, their ashes are immersed in those waters. So, They bade us to do the same

on their death. We further enquired from the ladies why they put all stress on Shadipur. Their reply was interesting - that on the immersion of the ashes of the dead here at Shadipur, they straightaway go to heaven. Tradition and mythology has it that Shadipur is treated as one of the sacred Tirthas.

Shadipur as a Tirtha may be viewed as such from what I have to state now. In the relationship of mind and soul that existed from times immemorial and formed ample expression in common avenues of intellect and emotions, poetry and literature, philosophy and out-look. Every green pasture that you walk around in Kashmir, every silvery peak that you watch from pleasurable distance, every stream that sings its song by your side, every enchanting lake that you come across now and then and then every little town and city that you visit has some sign post or the other of this deep and abiding relationship - i.e. Kalhana was not of the mark when he observed in Rajtarangini that there was rarely any place in Kashmir that was not Tirtha. Nilamata Purana has recorded "Due to these very mountain barriers, the Kashmiris could not visit frequently the Tirthas of other parts of India. It seems that people who had come from other parts (of India?) to inhabit the valley of Kashmir named its beautiful spots after the Tirthas familiar to them. They, thus, recognised the Prayaga - the holy confluence of the Ganga and the Yamuna - in the confluence of the Vitasta and the Sindhu and regarded the area extended from Trikoti-sangama to Raupyesvara Hara and from the confluence of the Parana and Rajobindurimnala to Ciramocana, as holy as Varanasi. The names like Sarasvati, Riskulaya, Ramahrada, Bhugutunga, Mundaprashta, Citrakuta, Bhastagiri, Kamtirtha, Kotitirtha, Cakratirtha etc. are proofs of the ties which bound up Kashmir with other parts of India (Vol. I page 45)". At another place in Nilamata Purana there is an indication about Shadipur. It states thus "the present confluence of the Vitasta with the Sindhu takes place at Shadipur but as Stein has

has proved, it occurred originally near Trigam (Vol. I - Page 37)"

As promised earlier, I will turn to the details of the tributaries. First, let me take up the tributaries of the River Vitasta. Nilamata Purana mentions "Its traditional source is but it is actually formed by the Streams Sandraon, Bring, Anapath and Lidar meeting in the plain close to Anantnagh near the village Khanabal. Below Khanabal it receives several branches of Lidari and passes the ancient tirthas of Vijayeswara and Caloradhara. About three miles further down it receives the united waters of the Vesu and Rambagara and is hereafter united with the stream draining the ancient district of Hodada. Just before reaching Srinagar, the Vitasta is joined by the Mahasari identified by me with the Mahuri of the Nilamata. After flowing over the miles within the city, the river flows at first to the north and then turning to the south west, it

receives the river Dudhaganga (Vol I - page 37)." Here, I finish with these details of the tributaries of the River Vjeth. Now I will take up with you the description of various tributaries of the Sindhu Nalla. One of the tributaries is Candrabhaga. "Kalhana's Rajatarangini IV 638 refers to one Candrabhaga in the vicinity of Tulamulya. Stein identifies Tulamulya with Tulamul - situated $78^{\circ} 48'$ long. $34^{\circ} 13'$ lat. among the marshes through which the Sind river passes before joining the Vitasta. So the branch of the Sind river flowing past Tulamul may have been called "Candrabhaga". (Nilamata Purana; Vol I - page 26). The other tributary is described thus "Formed by two streams which unite at Baltal, this river Sindh flows over a rocky bed in a westerly direction and receives many tributaries in the way, the principal being Kanakavahini joining it near the village of Kijpara in the Jar Pargana. Having reached Kasmira, it turns towards the northwest and joins the Vitasta at Shadipur. (Nilamata Purana, Vol. I - pages 29-30). Yet at another place mention about the tributary 'Kanakavahini' is thus recorded "Kanakavahini - The Nilamata describes the meeting of the Kanakavahini with the Sindhu and mentions the former as flowing to the south of Sodara tirtha and in the vicinity of Ciramoncama tirtha. Haramuketaganaga Mahatmya given it the name Karankanadi. It is certainly the Kanakavahini stream which takes its rise on the eastern slopes of Haramukta mountain, flows through the Jar pargana and empties itself into the Sindh river lat. $34^{\circ} 16'$ long. $74^{\circ} 56'$ near the village Kijpara (Nilamata Purana; Vol. I - page 31). Prof. Majid Husain states about the tributaries of the River Jhelum and the Sind Nalla in his book "Systematic Geography of Jammu & Kashmir" as "On the right bank above Khanabal, the Jhelum river is joined by the Sandrin, the Bring, the Koharnag, and Achabal streams, and just below Khanabal on its right bank the Jhelum receives one of the most important tributaries, the Lidder, also known as Lambodrie which has its source from the Tarsar Lake. The Sind Nalla, the most important of all the tributaries of the Jhelum which joins the Jhelum at Shadipur village (the place of confluence of the two rivers) and after Wular Lake Jhelum receives only one more tributary (Pohru) on its right bank before it reaches Baramullah. The Pohru river drains the Lolab valley and joins the main river at Dulgam. The Erin and Mahmuti

© Not Indus but Sindhu

are also right hand tributaries of the Jhelum. The chief tributaries on the left bank are the Vishave, the Rambhara, the Ramshi and the Dudganga. The other left bank tributaries are the Sulemag and the Firozpur Nala which lose themselves in the large marshes under the banks of the Jhelum. Of these small rivers, the Pohru, the Sind and the Visha are navigable for a short distance (Page 35)"

So, I hope that it is clear to you now that before the confluence of the River Vitasta and the Sindhu Nala at Shadipur, both the Rivers are re-inforced by the waters of a number of tributaries, which themselves have their sources from such places, glaciers, lakes or 'nagas' which were regarded as sacred or were being treated as tirthas for performing various ceremonies or rituals.

After describing the exploratory course - flow of the tributaries, I will now resume the topic of travel with you. Our Doonga moved forward from Shadipur town with quick speed as the current flow was friendly. It is obviously beyond my memory to enlist the names of the villages, the towns or the hamlets through which we passed. What flashes out before my eyes even now is that during the second days' travel our Doonga had to halt on that date at a certain place as it was ^{raining} raining on cats and dogs. I also saw a number of other Doongas of our cluster and the House-Boat of Rev. Biscoe cast their anchors here. To our utter surprise we came to know that the pantrywallas of Mr. Jacob's Doonga had left for nearby hamlets to procure cheese for him because he was a total vegetarian. It might have taken one or two hours for the rain to stop when it appeared that we moved towards our halting place viz. near the Wular lake. As it was cloudy, one could not guess for how long we moved down with the friendly current. While our Doonga moved I spotted Mr. Tara Chand, my uncle, in the motor launch (near its engine) which was

towed to the House-Boat. Our Doonga stopped for the night's halt. The Boatman tied it to a rope by means of a hook and fastened it to a ~~strong~~ ~~very~~ strong wooden pole drilled into the bank of the River. My uncle, Mr. Tara Chand, came after some time and joined us to spend the night with us. Though the second day's travel had come to an end, I did not know the name of the place as every one was in a hurry to go to sleep. This is my eye-witness account; but let me reveal to you what Nilamata Purana has to say about the flow of the River Vitastava beyond Shadipur. "From the present confluence the River passes the village of Sambal. Thereafter, a small channel connects the Mansa Lake with it. Passing the villages of Uchakundal and Marakundal, the river enters the Wular Lake ---- (Nilamata Purana : Vol. I - Page 37)". So, the second day of our travel ended at a place, the name of which I could not ascertain that day.

It seems that the journey for the third day of our Doonga had begun early when, perhaps, we were still asleep. After sometime I noticed that our Doonga had covered roughly a nautical mile when we heard the thuds of high waves tossing the surfaces of the Doonga on all sides. It was a startling sight in our Doonga when I observed that both the ladies therein were not in a sitting posture but were instead lying flat on the floor of the Rest-Room Cubicle of the Doonga. Being in that position they constantly kept us under a close watch and bade us to

he in sitting positions and not in any case a standing ^{posture}. Not only this, they even instructed us not even to talk. There was a lush silence in our Doonga. Actually, the waves in the Lake enhanced in their height due to the fast blowing winds and lashed with the flat bottom of our Doonga making loud noises every now and then. Besides this, all of us jolted on both sides of the Doonga as and when fast blowing winds made the Doonga to have such movements. Both the ladies were struck with constant fear. Only a silver line in the clouds, in our case, was that, fortunately, we had a young brave person — an all rounder and a strong swimmer, who had already crossed both the Dal and the Wular Lakes, — with us who had the tacit approval of all for cooking our morning meals. Unfortunately, his courageous efforts were not appreciated because the meals got spoiled due to his inexperience in pantry work. Even then it was a Rupee One Million achievement that all of us could have our meals in time. Thus, our saviour was Mr. Narian Joo, one amongst us, my cousin. I put several questions to him while the Boatman and his wife was struggling hard to drive our Doonga towards its destination. Because of his one/two visits to this Lake, he was aware of the topography of this area. He explained to me that, though he too had gone to sleep the earlier day before nightfall, perhaps, our halt for the second day's travel was at Baniyar and when in the morning he was awakened by his father (Tara Chand for attending his motor launch duty) he, along with the Boatman was given the responsibility of our Doonga. In the Doonga itself he showed me the vast stretches of water forming themselves in waves and tossing from one direction to another. He pointed towards a rivulet which, it appeared, started out from left side of the River Vitasta towards the Lake. While the River Vitasta with mounds and mounds of water rushed towards the lake to merge with it, the related rivulet (The Baniyar Nalla) was a smooth and slow carrier for the Boats etc. to enter the Wular Lake. In our forward journey, repeatedly louder and louder noises were heard when one wave after another struck the lower bottom and the sides of our Doonga. In the midst of the Lake, both the ladies, with the help of Mr Narian Joo sat and offered their prayers and

tendered handfuls of rice with some coins on both the sides of the Doonga. Then again both took the same position - lying flat - on the floor of the Drawing Room cubical.

Nature had it and that it was also a firm belief with the people that it was advisable to cross the Wular Lake before noon, as in the afternoons, the Lake used, generally, to roar with the gusting winds and severe storms. So, in our case, care had to be taken to reach our destination well before noon. But the fortune was not on our side that day. As I have already apprised you that our Boatman with his wife spared no stone unturned to cross over the Lake, they managed to reach a spot on the lake roughly about three nautical miles from our destination. Here, we were overtaken by a heavy squall. Strong winds with high velocity sent waves after waves, lashing at the bottom of our Doonga making louder spell of noises every now and then. In our Doonga, except Mr. Narian Joo and me, all others got frightened so much so they remained still in lying down positions. Stealthily, I moved to a side and remained hidden from the two ladies. Thus, I was in the front portion of the Doonga standing and watching all Boats on the Lake. Surprised, I was on seeing my uncle, Mr. Tara Chand, steering the motor launch which towed Rev. Biscoe's House-Boat for its quick reach to the destination. The motor launch was cutting across the huge masses of waters with its bow (sharp arrowy edge) and speeding the House-Boat through the severe storm forward towards its destination. More astonished I was, when I saw, while standing in my Doonga, Rev. Biscoe standing in front portion of his House-Boat pointing out to Mr. N.L. Bakaya, steerer/captain of the Twelve-Oared Boat (which had immediately come from its halt ^{point} to the midst of the Lake) to rush towards our Doonga, as it was jolting on both the sides and was in a risky position. Immediately, Mr. Bakaya was so swift that within a few minutes a thick rope was thrown by his team members into our Doonga. Our Boatman was very agile to this situation. He took no time to tie one end of the rope to a secure point in the Doonga and passed on the rest portion of the rope to Mr. Bakaya, as the Twelve-Oared